



EWING
NIE
DÍAZ



MARVEL REMEMBERS



CARLOS PACHECO 1961-2022

"My friend Carlos Pacheco was a sweetheart of a guy who loved comics, the Marvel comics that he read as a child most of all. He brought an enthusiasm to his work that went beyond the drive of the professional — he was truly invested in the characters and their fictitious lives. His work combined the dynamics of John Byrne with the realism of Neal Adams, creating a synthesis that captured the essence of American super hero comics — a form that was exotic to Carlos as he first read the translated stories but which he absorbed and came to embody like a native. A citizen of Spain, the Marvel Universe was his true home."

— TOM BREVOORT

"Carlos was a dream collaborator who made every story better with his ideas, his brilliant storytelling and his beautiful art. But more, he was warmhearted, enthusiastic and a wonderful person. I was thrilled to work with him but happier still to have him as a friend. He will be enormously missed."

— KURT BUSIEK

YEARS AGO.

I'VE GOT IT!
YES, THE BOOSTER IS
PUSHING THE GAMMA RAYS
DEEP BEYOND
SPACE...

...REACHING INTO
OTHER WORLDS...
STAR WORLDS WE
CANNOT EVEN
SEE...

WAIT--
WHAT IS
THAT?

A DARKNESS...
A FLUIDITY...

SOMETHING
VAST...SHAPELESS
YET WITH FORM!
FOLLOWING DOWN
THE PATH OF
THE RAYS!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND--

AAAHH!!!

WHAT...
WHAT ARE
YOU...?

I AM OF
KOSMOS.

LOOK AT
ME, VERNON
VAN DYNE.

LOOK.



LOOK
AT ME...

SOMETIMES I
WONDER. WHEN
DID IT **HAPPEN?**
WHEN **EXACTLY?**

BUT
LOOKING
BACK...



...THIS WAS ALWAYS THE MOMENT, WASN'T IT?

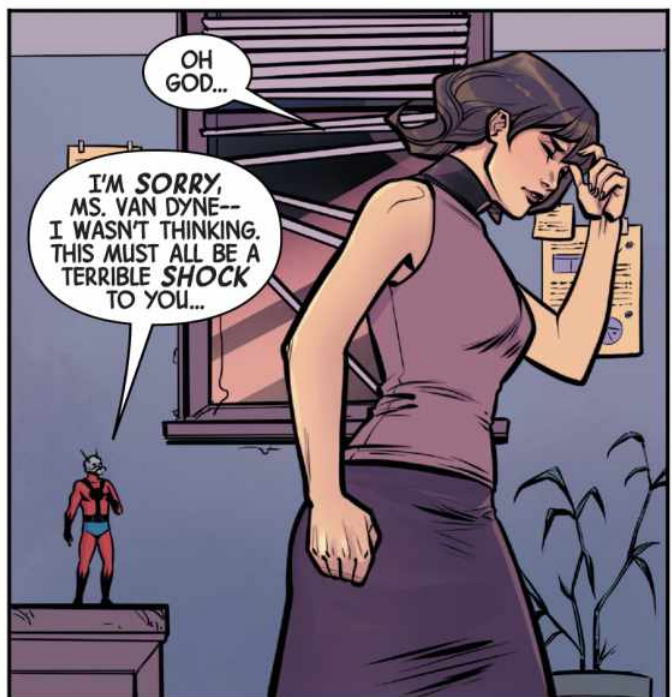
THERE WAS A STRANGE MIST... I CAME IN AND... FOUND HIM...

HE'S BEEN MURDERED. ALMOST LOOKS LIKE HE DIED OF FRIGHT...



THERE'S SOMETHING EERIE HERE--I CAN SENSE IT.

SOMETHING UNEARTHLY-- COMPLETELY ALIEN-- WAS HERE...



OH GOD...

I'M SORRY, MS. VAN DYNE-- I WASN'T THINKING. THIS MUST ALL BE A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO YOU...



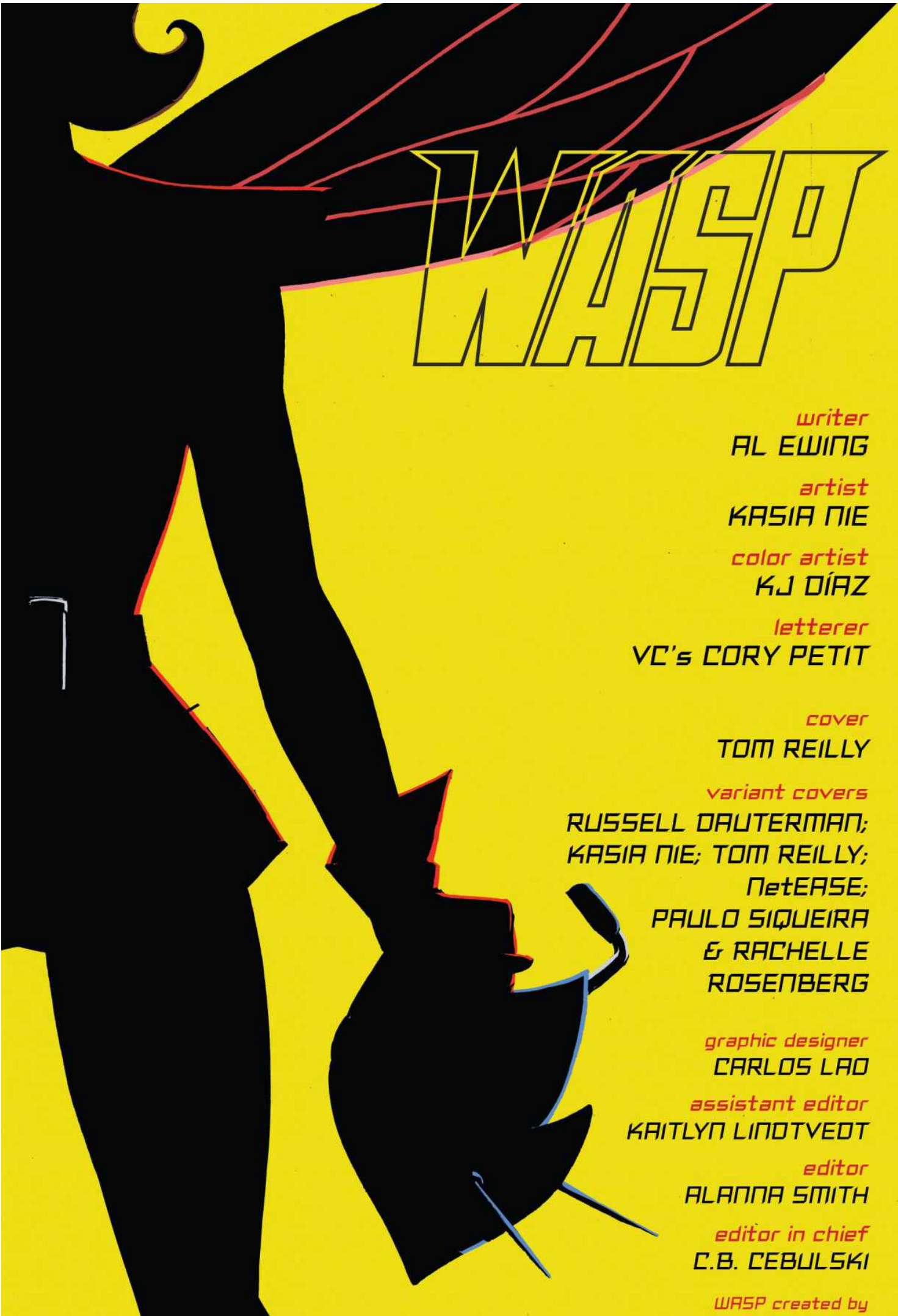
IT'S NOT THAT. I LOVED MY FATHER, ANT-MAN. HE WAS THE FINEST MAN ON EARTH...BUT...

...BUT I NEVER TOLD HIM. I NEVER SHOWED HIM HOW MUCH I LOVED HIM. I DON'T KNOW... I THOUGHT IT WASN'T SOPHISTICATED, I SUPPOSE.

NOW I'LL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE. BUT...THERE'S ONE THING I CAN DO.

I CAN AVENGE HIM.

THIS WAS THE MOMENT I BECAME A SUPER HERO.



WASP

writer

AL EWING

artist

KASIA NIE

color artist

KJ DÍAZ

letterer

VC's CORY PETIT

cover

TOM REILLY

variant covers

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KASIA NIE; TOM REILLY;

NetEASE;

PAULO SIQUEIRA

& RACHELLE

ROSENBERG

graphic designer

CARLOS LAO

assistant editor

KAITLYN LINDTVEOT

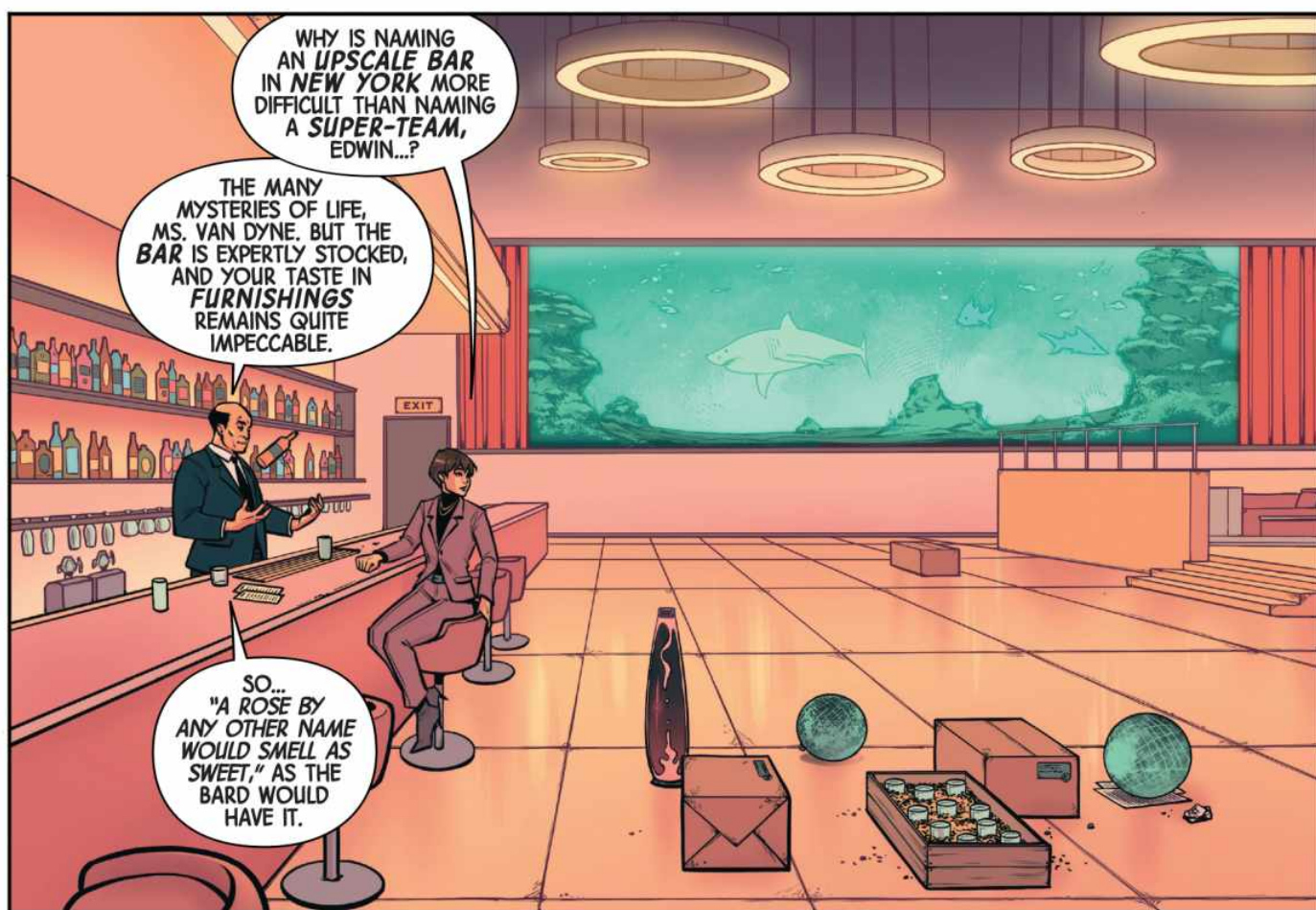
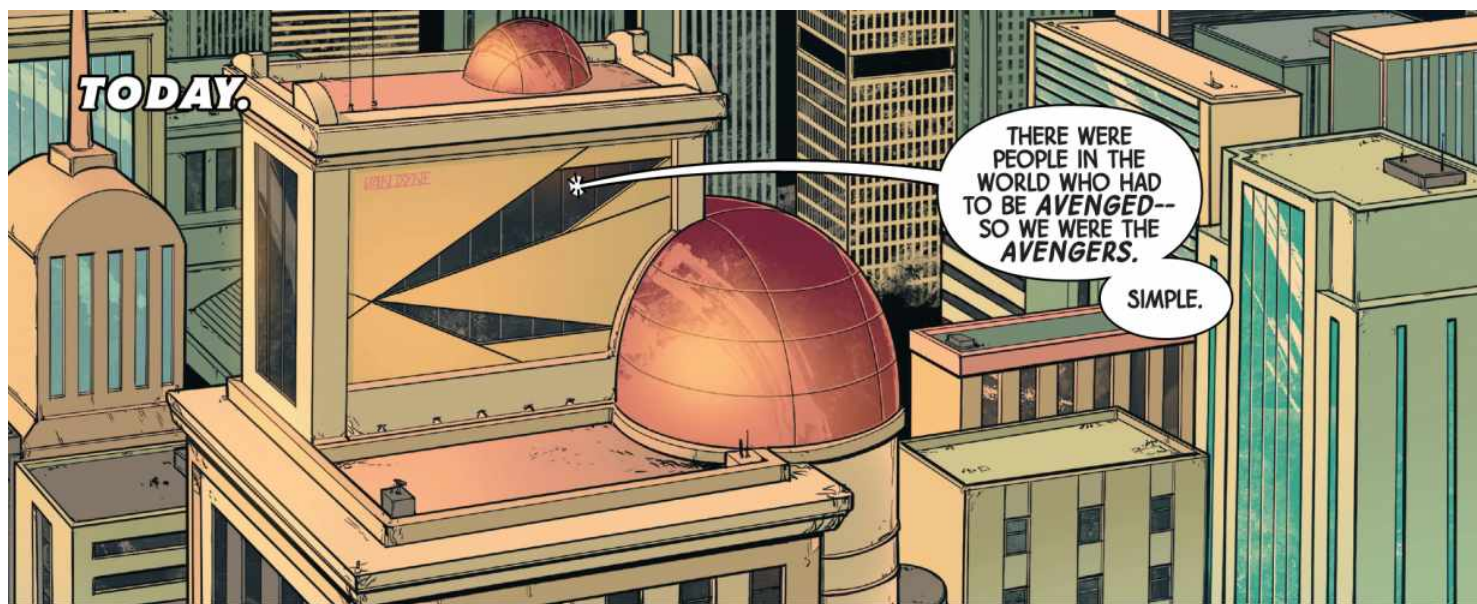
editor

ALANNA SMITH

editor in chief

C.B. CEBULSKI

WASP created by





HOWEVER,
WHEN IT COMES
TO--HUP!--THE
FORMALITIES--



--I REMAIN--
FOR MY MANY
SINS--



--A
GENTLEMAN'S
GENTLEMAN OF
THE OLD
SCHOOL.



NO GENTLEMEN
AROUND *HERE*, JARVIS.
YOU CAN LET YOUR HAIR
DOWN A LITTLE.

I HARDLY
THINK SO, MA'AM.
I HAVE SO LITTLE
OF IT LEFT.

MR. STARK'S
FAVORITE *MOCKTAIL*--
THE *CALIFORNIA QUINJET*.
AND FOR A *NOMENCLATIVE*
SUGGESTION...PERHAPS
"*JANET'S*"? OR "*THE VAN
DYNE LOUNGE*"?

IF THIS
WAS JUST A NEW
BUSINESS VENTURE,
SURE--BUT I WANTED THIS
PLACE TO BE ABOUT
MORE THAN *ME*.



THE IDEA IS TO
HAVE A *VIP BAR*
UPSTAIRS FROM THE *MAIN*
ONE--RESERVED FOR THE
CITY'S *COSTUMED*
HEROES.

A PLACE TO
TALK *SHOP*, IRON OUT
MISUNDERSTANDINGS...
MAYBE EVEN WORK OUT
HOW TO REPEAL THESE
NEW *ANTI-HERO*
LAWS.

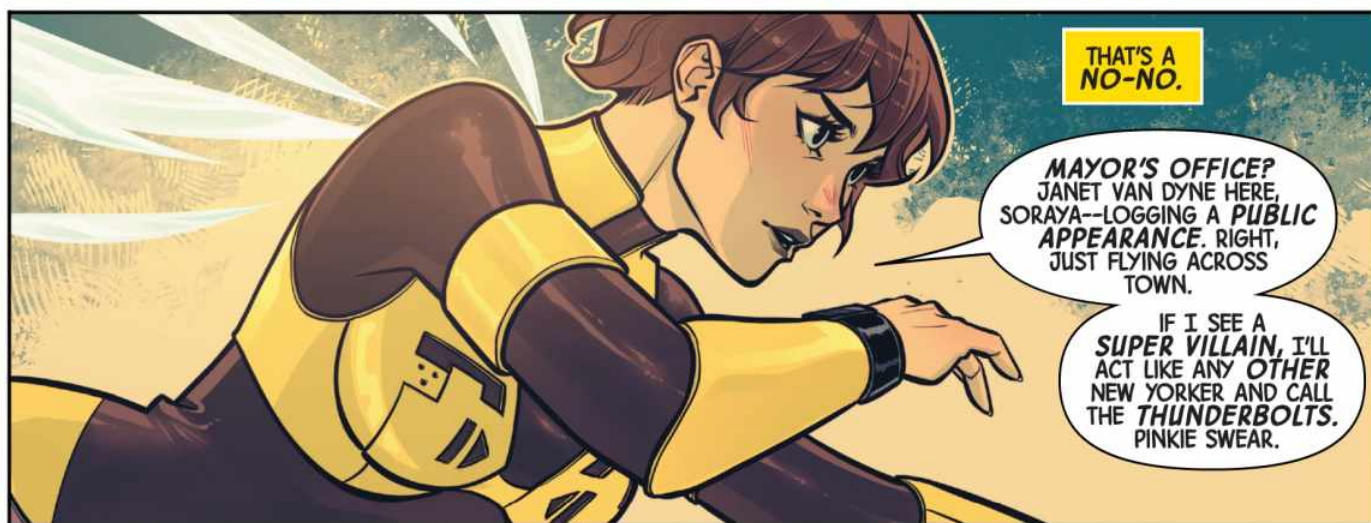
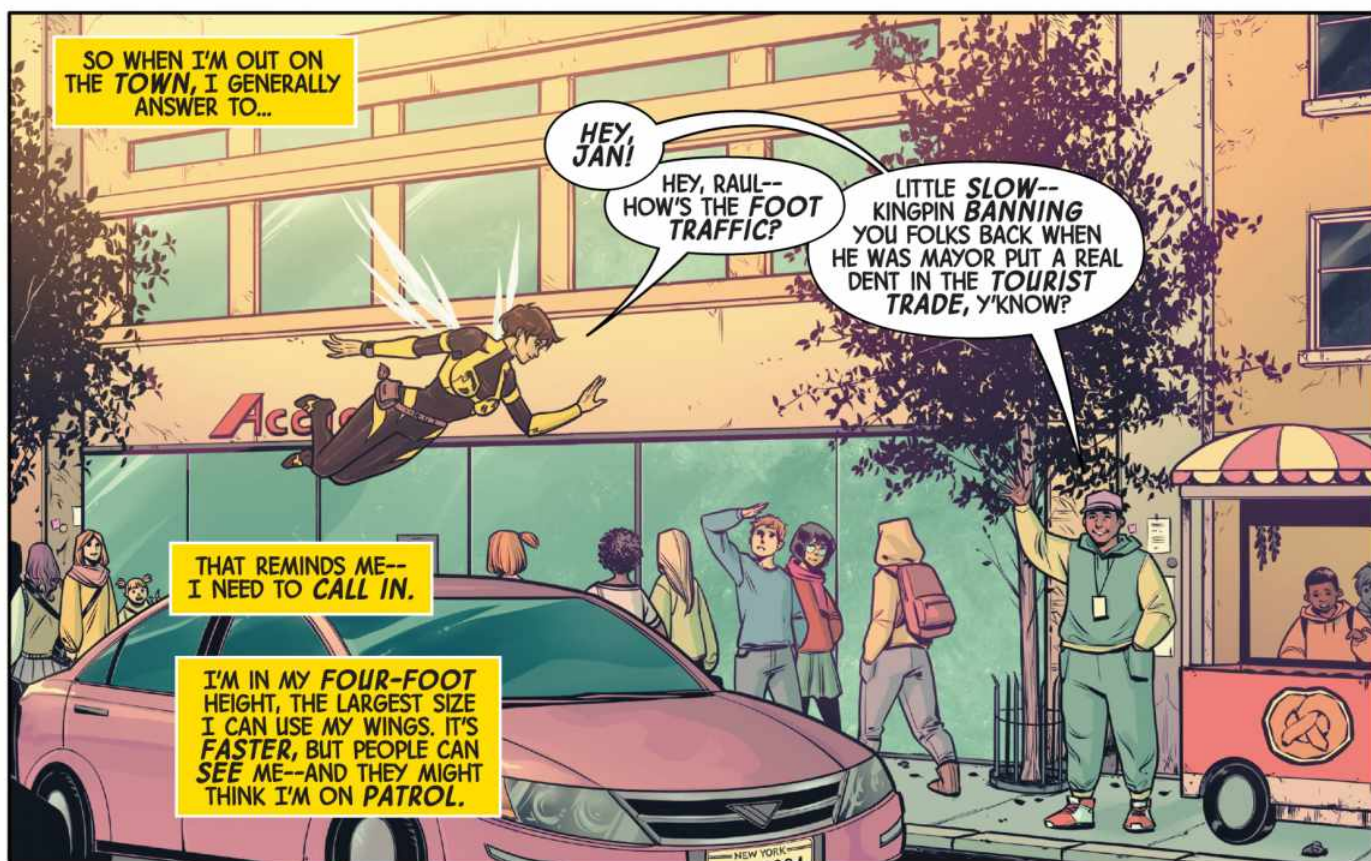


SOMEWHERE
THOSE WHO DO
THE WORK WE DO
CAN FEEL
APPRECIATED.

I'D LIKE TO
THINK IT'S WHAT
DAD WOULD *WANT*
FOR THE PLACE. SHAKE
OUT SOME OF THE
OLD HORRORS...

I'M SURE





FORTUNATELY, THIS ISN'T
A CRIMEFIGHTING KIND
OF DAY. I'M JUST VISITING
MY **STEPDAUGHTER**.

NADIA!

JAN!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
IS IT LUNCHTIME
ALREADY?

THAT MUST
BE WHERE THE
OTHERS
WENT...

NADIA RUNS **G.I.R.L.**--
THE **GENIUS IN
ACTION RESEARCH LABS**.

SHE ORIGINALLY CREATED IT
TO ADDRESS THE **GENDER
IMBALANCE** IN ALL THOSE
"WORLD'S SMARTEST
PEOPLE" LISTS--BY FINDING
THE NEXT GENERATION OF
FEMALE SUPER-SCIENTISTS.

NOW IT'S A **GLOBAL RESOURCE**--
A **RESEARCH NETWORK** FOR WOMEN
IN **S.T.E.M.** TO WORK **TOGETHER**.

I'M SO PROUD
OF HER IT HURTS.

AND I'LL BET
THEY **TOLD** YOU
THAT, BUT YOU DIDN'T
EVEN **HEAR** THEM.

WHAT'S THE
LATEST?

A PORTABLE
CATHEXIS RAY,
FOR DR. MCGOWAN
IN TEXAS.

SHE IS SO NICE! BUT--
GAMMA IS NOT
MY AREA.

I CAN MAKE
IT **SMALL**, BUT TO STILL
MAKE IT **WORK** AFTER
THAT IS **TRICKY**. I...**THINK**
I HAVE IT NOW...?

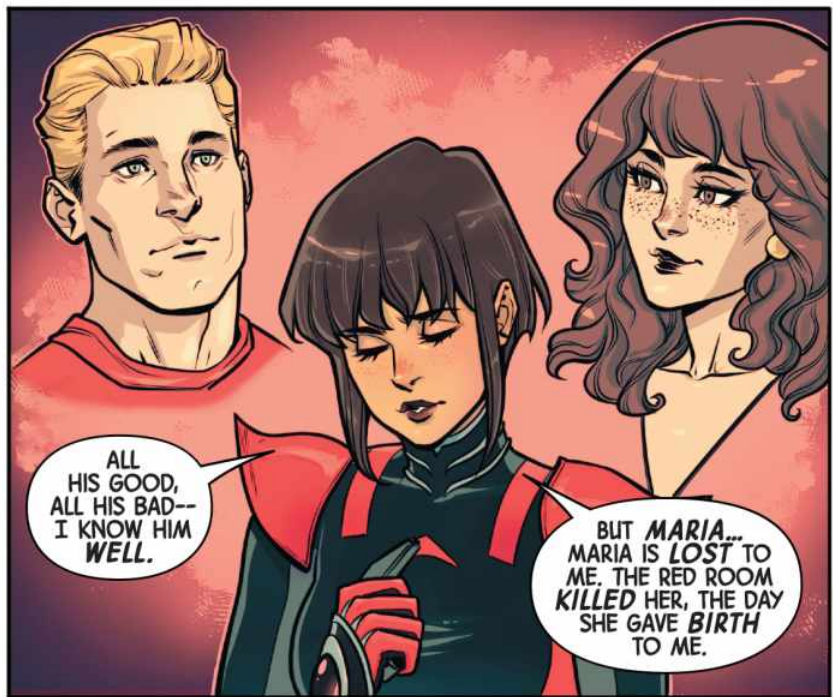
BUT...
I KEEP GETTING
DISTRACTED.

I...I HAVE
BEEN THINKING
ABOUT MY **MOTHER**.
MY **BIOLOGICAL**
MOTHER, I MEAN.

MARIA
TROVAYA.



I FIND MYSELF THINKING-- MY FATHER WAS THE FAMOUS AVENGING ANT-MAN. SO I KNOW HIM.



ALL HIS GOOD, ALL HIS BAD-- I KNOW HIM WELL.

BUT MARIA... MARIA IS LOST TO ME. THE RED ROOM KILLED HER, THE DAY SHE GAVE BIRTH TO ME.



YOU KNOW ME. I HAVE THE THOUGHT, AND THEN I CAN'T GET THE THOUGHT OUT OF MY HEAD. HOLD THIS A MOMENT, OKAY?

SO I LOOKED FOR HER. I READ THE AVENGERS FILES--THEN I BROKE INTO A FEW GOVERNMENT DATABASES, F.B.I., C.I.A., EASY-PEASY STUFF--

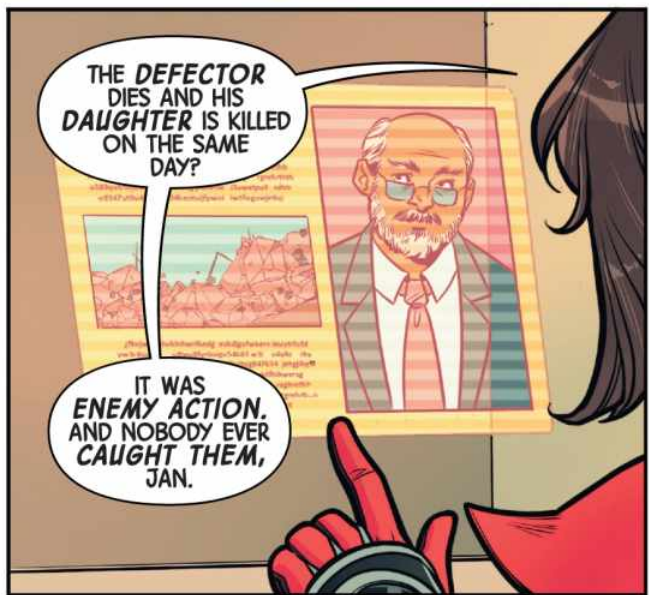
NADIA...!



WHAT? THEY NEVER CAUGHT ME!

IT WAS FOR NOTHING ANYWAY. SHE HAD ONLY ONE RELATIVE I COULD FIND-- MY GRANDFATHER, JANOS TROVAYA.

HE WAS KILLED TOO, THE SAME DAY AS MY MOTHER--A LAB EXPLOSION. NOBODY COULD PROVE SABOTAGE, BUT



THE DEFECTOR DIES AND HIS DAUGHTER IS KILLED ON THE SAME DAY?

IT WAS ENEMY ACTION. AND NOBODY EVER CAUGHT THEM, JAN.



THE ONES WHO KILLED HER...THEY NEVER PAID.



...BUT THAT'S
NOT A PROMISE
YOU GET TO
KEEP!

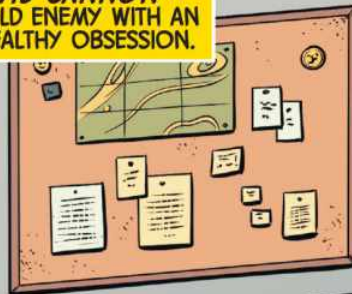
K R I I S S H

...THE PAST
COMES
CRASHING IN.

WHIRLWIND!



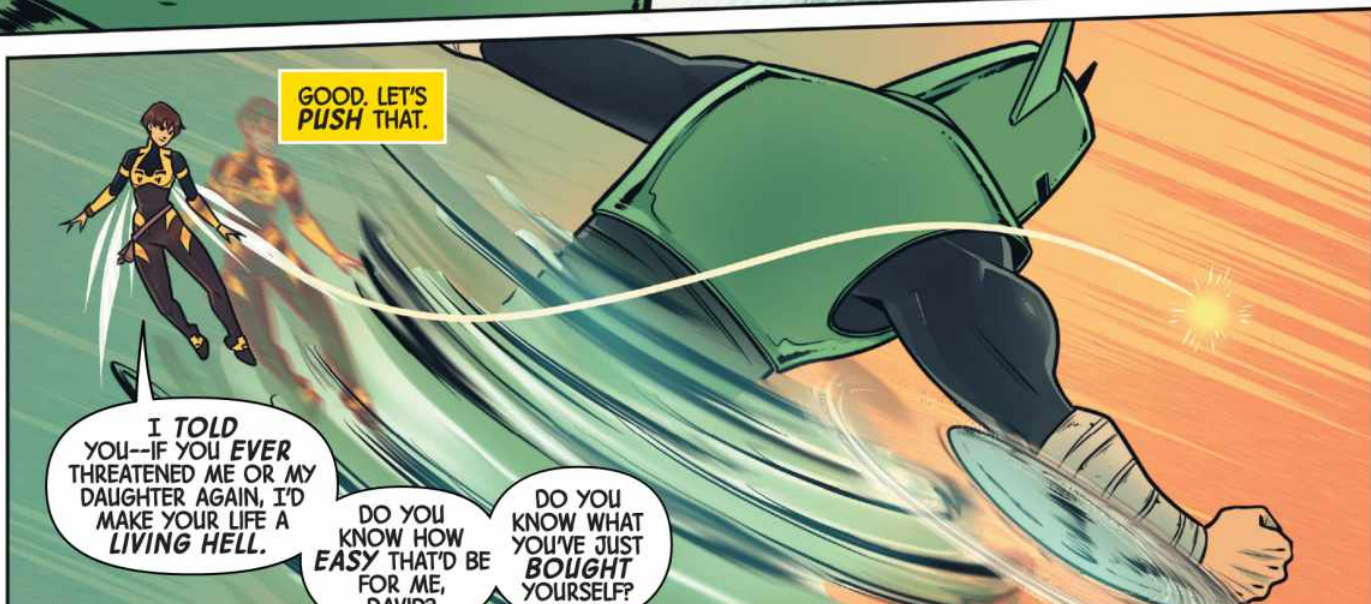
DAVID CANNON--
AN OLD ENEMY WITH AN
UNHEALTHY OBSESSION.



HE SPENT YEARS
STALKING ME--CLAIMING
HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME.
I THOUGHT I'D PUT AN
END TO THAT NONSENSE.

I GUESS SOMEONE
NEEDS A LITTLE MORE
NEGATIVE
REINFORCEMENT.







MAYBE IT'LL BE IN A **DARK ALLEY**.
MAYBE YOUR **PRISON CELL**.
MAYBE IN WHATEVER PIT YOU
CALL **HOME**.

BUT YOU'RE
GOING TO HEAR A LITTLE
BUZZ, RIGHT IN YOUR **EAR**
CANAL--MOVING **DEEPER**,
TOWARD YOUR **BRAIN**...

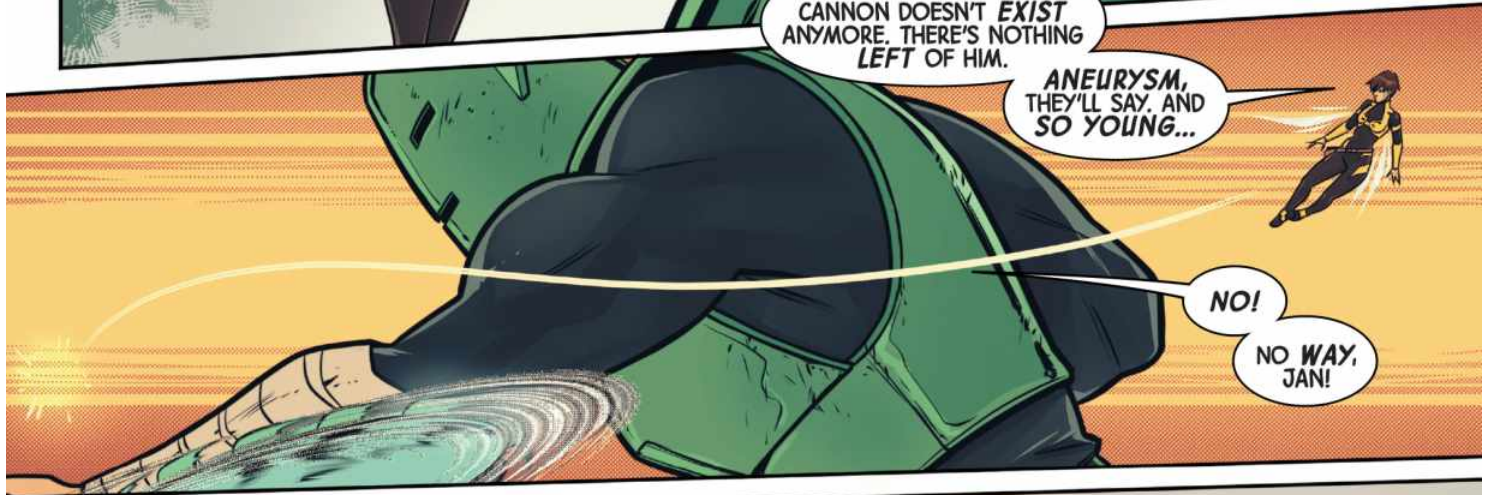
N-NO...

...AND THEN DAVID
CANNON DOESN'T **EXIST**
ANYMORE. THERE'S NOTHING
LEFT OF HIM.

ANEURYSM,
THEY'LL SAY. AND
SO **YOUNG**...

NO!

NO WAY,
JAN!



I DON'T BUY IT!
YOU'RE A **HERO TYPE**--
AN **AVENGER**--

EXACTLY. EVEN
IF YOU **COULD** FORM
WORDS AFTER I BORE INTO
YOUR SKULL LIKE A **TICK**--
WHO'D EVER **BELIEVE**
YOU?

AS I SAY IT, IT
ACTUALLY FEELS
LIKE I **MEAN** IT.
LIKE I COULD
CROSS THAT LINE.

I'M SCARING
MYSELF. I
SHOULD BE
SCARING HIM...



...BUT I THINK SOMETHING
ELSE SCARES HIM **MORE**.

JUST
SHUT UP,
JAN! SHUT
UP!

YOU THINK
I **WANNA** BE
DOING THIS? IS
THAT WHAT
YOU THINK?



I WAS MAKIN'
PROGRESS! I WAS
DOIN' THE WORK!
MY THERAPIST WAS
PROUD OF ME!

HOW'S IT
GONNA LOOK
NOW, HUH?

HOW'S IT
GONNA LOOK
WHEN I TAKE YOUR
HEAD CLEAN OFF





SO ATTACKING US ISN'T *YOUR* IDEA?

HELL NO! IF IT WAS UP TO *ME*, I'D BE AS FAR AWAY FROM NEW YORK AS I COULD GET!

TAKING THE *EASY* SCORES-- FIGHTING, I DON'T KNOW, *TEXAS TWISTER* OR WHOEVER--

YES!



THAT IS A *MUCH* MORE SENSIBLE ARCHENEMY FOR YOU! THE *DUELING OPPOSITES*!

HELLO! MY NAME IS *NADIA*, AND I AM *ALSO* THE WASP. WE MET ONCE. I SAVED YOUR LIFE.

I WOULD THINK YOU WOULD REMEMBER.



JAN'S *SIDEKICK*? I REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT *NEARLY* AS TOUGH AS *SHE* IS...

AH--BUT I HAVE SOMETHING SHE *DOESN'T*.

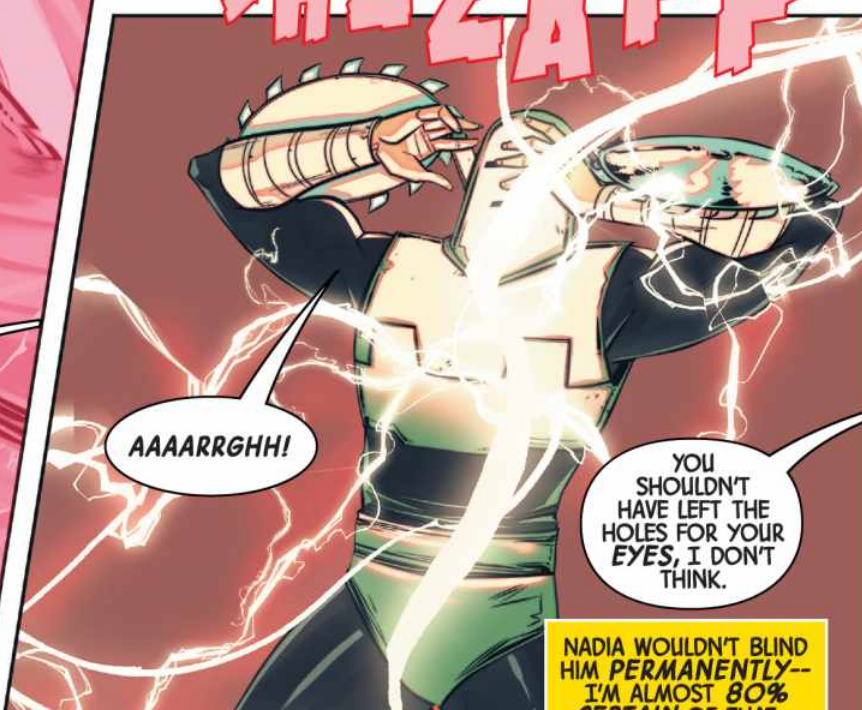
A *TARGETING COMPUTER* IN MY HELMET.



SO NO MATTER HOW FAST YOU *SPIN*...I *KEEP TRACK*.

ZAP!

SHZZAPP



AAAARRGHH!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE HOLES FOR YOUR *EYES*, I DON'T THINK.

NADIA WOULDN'T BLIND HIM *PERMANENTLY*-- I'M ALMOST 80%

--BUT HE'S STOPPED
MOVING FOR A SECOND.

YOU--YOU
KNOW HOW MUCH
THAT STINGS--?

YES! I
TESTED IT ON MY
FOREARM. IT HURTS
A LOT.

I'LL KILL
YOU, YOU
LITTLE--

SPZAKK

AND A SECOND
IS ALL I NEED.

AAAAHHH!

MY
ANKLE--

YOUR
ACHILLES
TENDON,
TO BE PRECISE.

IT'LL HEAL--
PROBABLY INSIDE
A DAY, GIVEN YOUR
METABOLISM--BUT
YOU WON'T BE
DOING ANY MORE
PIROUETTES
UNTIL THEN.

I CAN
STILL TAKE
YOU--

YOU CAN'T
TAG ME AT FULL
SPIN, BUT YOU'RE
GOING TO TAKE ME
OUT FROM THE
FLOOR?

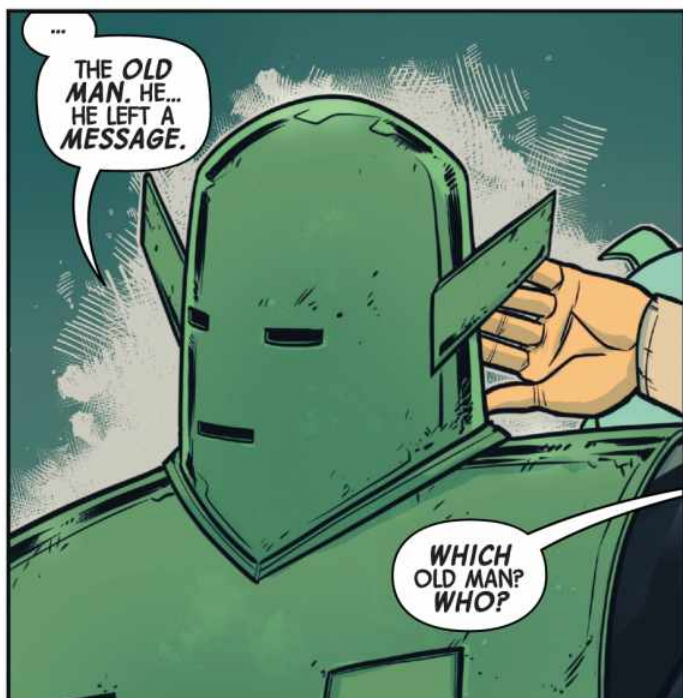
HAVE A
LITTLE DIGNITY,
DAVID.



SOMEBODY
SENT YOU. SOMEBODY
WHO'S OBVIOUSLY GOT
SOME KIND OF **HOLD**
ON YOU.

BUT IF YOU'RE
MORE WORRIED ABOUT
WHAT **THEY'LL** DO THAN
WHAT I WILL...YOU'VE MADE
A **SERIOUS** ERROR IN
JUDGMENT.

TELL
ME.



...
THE **OLD**
MAN. HE...
HE LEFT A
MESSAGE.

WHICH
OLD MAN?
WHO?



I CAN'T.
I CAN'T
SAY IT.

ALL HE HAS
TO DO IS **LOOK**
AT YOU, JAN. THAT'S
ALL HE HAS TO
DO.

'CAUSE
IF YOU LOOK
BACK AT
HIM...



...HE
OWNS YOUR
SOUL.

FIND ME

HE'S THE
DEVIL...AND
HE OWNS YOUR
SOUL.

QUEENS.

IT'S JUST
HOW I **TOLD**
YOU IT'D GO,
SIR.



CANNON DID
HIS **BEST**--BUT THOSE
PRISON PSYCHIATRISTS
BROKE HIS **MOJO**. HE DOESN'T
HAVE THE **KILLER INSTINCT**
ANYMORE.

HE'LL WORK
A LOT BETTER
AS **BAIT**.

YES. BETTER
BY FAR TO
BRING THEM
TO US.

CANNON...
HE WAS AS HIS
NAME SUGGESTS.
AN IMPRECISE
WEAPON--
IMPRECISE AND
LOUD.

WHEN I WAS
ONLY JANOS TROVAYA...
I HAD A SAYING, AGENT
FANTASMA. THE **QUIET KILL**
IS THE **GOOD KILL**.

AND WHEN
THE **WASPS**
DIE? HERE IN
THIS ROOM?





IT WILL
BE AS
QUIET AS A
WHISPER.

NEXT



We want to hear from you! Send letters to MHeroes@Marvel.com marked "okay to print!"

